

The New Prime Minister of Italy a Hard Worker.

Sig. Crispi, the present Prime Minister of Italy, like all heads of ministries, is an exceedingly busy man. He gets up about 7 o'clock every morning, and promptly at 8 he begins work with his secretaries. He remains with them until luncheon time—a meal which he eats rapidly surrounded by his family. He is accustomed, however, to work while eating. To aid him in this two baskets are placed near him—one for letters and telegrams which do not need to be answered, and the other for those to which replies must be sent. The letters of the latter class he reads as rapidly as possible and outlines with a pencil the answers which are to be written out later by his clerks. He is a fast writer, and usually outlines at the luncheon hour enough work to occupy his secretaries for a good part of the afternoon.

Crispi is a small eater and a better judge of wine than of the preparations of his kitchen chef. He cares little for meat, drinks temperately of wine but never liquors, and never smokes. His cook is an Italian as he manifests a preference for Italian dishes.

After luncheon the Minister resumes his duties at his office and receives the numerous persons beginning for an audience. In the early evening he takes a drive, usually accompanied by his daughter, a charming young woman of whom he is exceedingly fond. Since the unfortunate escapades of his son, which led to the young man's confinement in a reformatory, he lavishes all his affection on this daughter.

The chief meal of the day, dinner, is eaten at 7 o'clock. Afterward he usually receives a few of his most intimate friends. The hours with these companions are the pleasantest of the day for him. He is an excellent conversationalist and loves to recall instances in his early life, when he little dreamed that he would be the head Minister of a reconstructed Italy. Like Bismarck, he is a bad listener, and his guests prefer to allow him to direct the conversation according to his humor.

At 10 o'clock the Minister returns to his office and remains there until midnight. He is in bed almost every night before 1 o'clock.

Crushed by Mighty Words.

I sat on the seat with a colored man who drove me down to the railroad depot with a shackled old wazoo, and as we left the hotel he said:

"Boss, if you kin dun say ober few big words on the way down, ole man will be 'tremendly disoblige to yo."

"How big words do you want?"

"You get 'em too big, boss. I want a powerful him to member big words an' git 'em off when a calamus occasion predominates."

"Do you expect to find use for some of them this morning?"

"Reckon I does, sah. My son Abraham works down to the depot, an' whenever I comes around he tries to show off ober me an' make me feel small. He'll try it on this mawning for sual an' I jes want to be done xcess to puzzle his desirability. Spile 'e right 'n' boss an' de ole man waz forgot yo when de watermill yun ses son cums agin."

We had about half a mile to go and before we reached the depot he gave him a larger and choice assortment of Webster's longest. When we drew up at the depot platform Abraham was there, and also a dozen white people who were to go out on the train. It was a good opportunity for the son to show off, and he reeled it, and went forward and waved his arm and shouted:

"Yo'dar, ole man, han't I doted yo 'bout 400 times not to scagiate dat suspensious old vehicle de way of the omnibus? Sum o' niggers doan seem to have no n ideas of de consanguinity of rectitude an a squash."

"Was yo' speakin' to me, sah, stilly demanded the father as he stood up and glared at Abraham.

"Den sah, I want yo' to distinct understand dat when de co-oprash of de imperialism seems to assimilate a disreputable infringement of hereditary avariciousness I shall retract my individuality, but not befo—'a befo, sah!"

Abraham's eyes hung out, his complexion became ash color, and his knees bent under him as if the springs were about to give way. It was long minute before he could utter a word, and when he reached out to trunk with the muttered observation:

"Befo' de Lawd, but things a gittin' so mixed up dat I can't d tell whedder I'm his son or his father."—Chicago Times.

ReWARDED AT LAST.

In a Western paper, under the heading "Situations Wanted," appeared the following advertisement:

"Sachse Would have no objection to versatility and modesty of one American printer:

"Wanted.—Situation by a Practical Printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in one of the academies. He has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. He has some experience as a practical shoemaker. Would have no objection to form a small class of young ladies and gentlemen to instruct them in the higher branches. To a dentist, chiropodist he would be invaluable, or he would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in choir."

Remarkable as it may seem, the advertisement appeared day after day, indicating that the gifted printer was still without a situation. Finally he appeared this addition of the notice:

"R. S. Will accept an offer saw and split wood at less than usual rates."

The advertisement was not inserted again, so that readers of the paper were left to infer that at last the versatile printer's acquirements had met with appreciation.